

The Wrong Moment

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Summary: Astrid has a knack for doing things at exactly the wrong moment. Or this is what Hiccup thinks, anyway. Drabble. Set a few months after HTTYD2. Minor spoilers inside and Rated T for adult themes, so read at your own risk.

The Wrong Moment

****_The Wrong Moment_****

****A/N:** So, like 'Delete Button', this story is pretty far out of my comfort zone xD but I just had to do it xD the moment she popped his fin out in the movie I was like, oh my gods xD I couldn't find a suitable ending, and I'm not too happy with this one.**

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><p>Hiccup knew he shouldn't have been doing this. He should have been at the Great Hall, giving a speech. He should have been being a chieftain. Instead he was kissing Astrid Hofferson in his bedroom. Her lips lingered on his for a long moment, her tongue slipping sneakily into his mouth, over his teeth.<p>

Hiccup could vaguely feel the blonde girl's hands, unbuckling his armor. All thoughts of that speech now forgotten, his tongue met hers, tasting her, exploring the arch and bow of her lips, every inch of her teeth.

When she at last pulled away, bringing him sharply back to reality, she didn't speak. He stared at her for a second.

Astrid raised her brows questioningly, and then Hiccup nodded without hesitation.

She reached up again, unbuckling his armor and, as one, they fell back on the bed, their hands exploring each other's bodies. His hands

crawled up her shirt, loving every tiny flaw in her warm skin.

Her lips were firm against his, and for a second, as he slowly unwound her fur coverings, things felt perfect. And then a sudden click pulled Hiccup out of their kiss. He noticed Astrid's turquoise gaze avoided his curious emerald.

Her eyes flickered over to his back, and he frowned, looking over his shoulder, taking his eyes off hers for mere moments. Heat crawled into his cheeks when he saw the stupid tailfin poking out of his back and he stared at it for a moment, regretting that the mood had been lost and his speech had come back to the forefront of his mind.

"So, did you mean to pop this out, or what?" Hiccup finally managed after a long period of silence.

She rolled her eyes and pulled him in for another kiss. "Would I do that?"

"Maybe," he mumbled, biting her lip. "You seem to love doing that at exactly the wrong moment."

She unbuckled the last of his armor, thrusting the brown and black leather covering aside and tugging on the hem of his shirt. "Shut up and come here, you dork."

End
file.